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Weekly



Herald.

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VOLUME I. NO. 1.

CLEVELAND, TENN., JULY 14, 1876.

TERMS \$2.00 A YEAR.

E. H. Rollins (Republican) has been elected to the United States Senate from New Hampshire.

They are saying to their boys down East just now: "If you want to be President, young man, 'Go West!'"

The cry of Democracy now is, "give us Tilden or give us death." They will probably get both.

The Democratic journals recognize the desperation of their cause and are showing it by the use of vigorous language.

Moody and Sankey have been invited to hold meetings in New Haven, and 1,000 people signed the invitation.

EVERY Republican in the land is satisfied with Tilden's nomination. Thurlow Weed predicts from 30,000 to 50,000 majority against him in New York in November.

In regard to Hendricks accepting the nomination, Gov. Morton the point hit when he said: "Why, he declines nothing; he would accept a supervisorship."

During the month of June \$357, 284 of greenbacks, or 80 per cent of the amount of new National Bank currency issued during the month, were destroyed.

EX-SENATOR Fenton, of New York, who has long been wandering in the gloomy wilderness of Liberalism, declares himself for Hayes and Wheeler. They are all coming home.

ENGLAND has killed the extradition treaty. The rogues of both countries can now extend to her their thanks. She has made herself the Great Protectorate of scoundrels. Let her enjoy the proud distinction.

A report has been in circulation that Pratt will soon resign his position as Commissioner of the Internal Bureau, but Pratt has not indicated any intention of that character.

A fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How do you do, my little dear?" Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added: "Now, my dear, you must ask me how I do." The child honestly replied: "I don't want to know."

"How did you like my sermon?" said a vain clergyman to a distinguished chance listener. "Ah, sir, there was one beautiful passage." "Yes, yes," said the dominie delighted, rubbing his hands; "and what was that?" "The passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferryboats these are that I tumble over in the hall?" "Ferryboats, indeed, sir! Those are my shoes! Very polite of you to call 'em ferryboats!" "Didn't say ferryboats, Mrs. Sage. You misunderstood me. *Fairy Boots* I said, my dear friend."

Okolona (Miss.) Messenger: A terrible rain visited Santa last week, washing away the fencing, destroying the crops, and on some plantations actually carrying away the soil as deep down as it had been plowed, leaving no indication that a crop of corn or cotton had been planted.

SHAME ON YOU!

Saturday, June 17, after the New York Sun heard of his nomination, it said:

Hayes is a candidate whose weakness and unimportance are his principal recommendations to the Republican party. His record is brief and slight, though he is fifty-four years old.

May 9, one month and eight days previously, it said of the same man, in predicting his nomination:

Gov. Hayes is far from being an inferior or unworthy character. He is a man of talent; he is a gentleman; he is rich and independent; he served with credit as a soldier in the war, and his record as Governor of Ohio is without flaw or spot.

WASHINGTON.

CONGRATULATIONS OF EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF GREETING TO AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, July 14th.—To-day

Mr. Cadwallader, Acting Secretary of State, presented Mr. Schlosser, the German Minister, to the President for the purpose of delivering an autograph letter of congratulation from the Emperor of Germany. Mr. Schlosser, in presenting the letter, stated that he was instructed by his Majesty to deliver upon the fourth day of July to the President in person, an autograph letter of congratulation upon the occasion of the centennial anniversary, and wished to add his personal good wishes for the United States. The President briefly replied, assuring him of his satisfaction in receiving this evidence of good feeling on the part of his Majesty, that his kind expressions for the United States were fully appreciated, and that the letter should be properly acknowledged. A translation of the letter is as follows:

WILLIAM, by Grace of God Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc.—To the President of the United States of America, great and good Friend!—It has been vouchsafed to you to celebrate the centennial festival of the day on which the great Republic, over which you preside, entered the rank of independent nations. The purposes of its founders have, by a wise application of the teachings of the history of the foundation of nations, been realized by development without a parallel. To congratulate you and the American people on such an occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure, because since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor of glorious memory, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, concluded with us, undisturbed friendship has continually existed between Germany and America, and has been developed and strengthened by the ever increasing importance of their mutual relations and by an intercourse becoming more and more fruitful in every domain of commerce and science. That the welfare of the United States and the friendship of the two countries may continue to increase is my sincere desire and confident hope. Accept renewed assurance of my unqualified esteem.

(Signed) WILLIAM.
Countersigned Von Bismarck.
Berlin June 9, 1876.

MEXICO.

DEATH OF GEN. SANTA ANNA.

Advices from Mexico are to June 28. No important engagement had occurred between the government and the revolutionary forces, as the latter avoid a general engagement and appear unwilling to risk battle. Minor military events are generally favorable to the government. The rainy season which was beginning will impede operations.

Preliminary elections for President will be held July 9th. There was no opposition candidate to President Lerdo. The revolutionists are trying to prevent the holding of the elections, and in a majority of districts may prevent a constitutional election. The revolutionists claim that the re-election of Lerdo will insure his overthrow. This will probably happen eventually though the government at present is able to maintain itself. Gen. Santa Anna died on the 20th of June. He was 84 years old.

Don Carlos has been banqueting and afterwards, it is said, lost \$100,000 at monte.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati Gazette of Wednesday morning says:

"Sam Randall and about sixty of the House members are to leave as early as Thursday. Dan Vorhees says to-night that it will be impossible for the Democrats to defeat Hayes in Ohio."

NASHVILLE.

He Lectures the Democracy before the St. Louis Convention.

CONFIDENT X ROADS, WHICH IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.

June 26th, 1876.

I have a word to say to the Democracy, just afore the Nashville Convention, which is intended as a admonition to guide em afterward. Afore this epistle reaches em the representatives uv the party in Saint Louis will hev registered their desires, and we shew hev a ticket to hooray for.

Wat I want am to understand is that that ticket, no matter wat it is, or wat platform it stands onto, must be hoorayed for, and hoorayed for with a will. There must be no hesitancy—no doubtin'—no holdin' back—no nonsense uv any kind. Watever the Saint Louis Convention duz we must endorse hartly, and zelously, wether it suits us or not.

Tilden is hard money, and we in the west are soft money. Very good. Ef Tilden is nominated, he will be nominated on a platform which will need so that it kin be construed either way, that is to say, hard or soft, ez any body chooses, which is statesmanship.

Allen is soft money, which the Eastern Democracy don't believe in, but ef he is nominated they must do ez we will do, and swaller him with a pleasant countenance. Ther must be reciprocity in these things. Eastern Democrats must remember that Post-offices are only attainable thro Democratic successes, and wat is hard or soft money compared to offices? I am willing to take my salary in either kind, so long as either kind will pay for likker.

On either platform down here in Kentucky, and in the West and South generally, we shall swear it is soft money, and go in to win. In the East the Democracy will swear it is hard money, and likewise go in to win. And the two seekshuns won't hev any trouble with each other about it, either. Yoor troo Democrat, like the devout Catholic, accepts the interpetation that his leader puts onto his article uv faith, that is sich of em as read at all, and don't allow no doubts to afflict him. We kin depend onto em, sure, and thank Hev'n there is enuff uv em to carry the next cleckshun, no matter who is nominated, or wat platform he is put onto.

We kin depend with unerrin certainty onto these classes:

The ardent friends of the egg-fried Tweed, Connolly, with their remainin' friends, Oaky Hall, and sich, who are afflicted at the corruptions that hev cropped out into the Government, and who are clamorin' for "purity and reform."

The Catholic Church ez a undivided whole, wat wants to divide the skool funds, and hev itself recognized ez the State religion.

The doggy keepers in Noo York, without exception.

Myself, who has been ectin the hucks of private life long, for 8 long weary years, ever sence Grant turned me out of the Post Office, wich I hed adorned under the lamented Johnson.

George Washington Bascom, to whom I owe a likker bill, the dimensions whereof frightens him, and would frighten me, of I ever intended to pay it by hard work.

All the confidin' citizens of the Corners, with hev given me credit for board and clothes.

All the citizens of the Corners, which hev missed things from their close-lines, and found em in-scrutably in my poseshun, and wich fondly dream that of I hed an off's I would pay for sich things wen I wanted em.

All these classes are dying to hev a reform in the government thro a Democratic victory.

John Morrissey, who sez for the purposes uv faro he wood rather have one winter uv a Democratic Congress, than four years uv a Republican administration.

Issaker Gavitt, Deekin Pogarm, Col. M'Pelter, and sich, who are willin to be collectors uv revenoo,

guagers, &c, wich they can't git uv a timsunkle administration sich as Hayes wood be.

The Confidrit officers, which still bleeves that the South is entitled to the control of the government, ez it used to be in the palmy days under Bookannoo.

Them in the South ez lost property doorn the late unpleasantnis, and likewise their niggers, for which a tyrannikle government has never paid em a cent.

The skores uv patriotic Dinokrats in every county wich have bin kept out uv opportunities to serve their country, in various of fishl poseshuns, for sixteen years.

The Republikins wich wantid poseshuns, wich, owin to the pervensiv us thur fellow Republikins, in the matter of confidence, they never got, and who, naterally, come to us.

It seems to me that this army ought to be invincible. It isn't possible that it kin be beaten, ef proper providence is yossed in managin it. All we want is a candidate who hez never yet bin in the penitenshary, on a platform so worded ez to take with us, the few Democrats, who from some defect in ther nacher don't want no off's, and who still actually believe in the party. With them we can sweep the platter. Ther ain't no doubt about it.

A great many Republikins are dissatisfied, and they hev the great weakens of men wich read, uv judgin for themselves, and shyn off unless everything goes exactly to soot em. They pride themselves on bein independent, and will either vote for us, wich they hate, to show ther independence, or won't vote at all, wich is a half vote for us. There are thousands uv em, and we kin git ther votes just yunst. They never do it a second time, but it so happens that this is just the time we want em.

Ther ain't no reason why evry Democrat wich supported the party from Bookannoo's day, all the way thro the war, and stood by the South afterward, shooldn't stand by it now. It's the same party—it's made up of the same material, it is actuated by the same purposes, and works with the same tools. It hezn't changed a particle, and it can't change any more than assofedita kin. It may sometimes loose its distinctive smell a trifle, but it alluz comes back, ez strong ez ever. Horris Greely tried to soften it somewhat, but it wuz a failyoor. Democracy is Democracy, and will be so long as there's a nigger to hate, whisky to drink, and an old Irishman to vote. Like the Canada thistle, it can't be killed, Yoo may cut it down but it will spring up again from the root, and flourish livelier than ever. I ain't afraid uv its dyin till the Millennium comes—a million of Moodys and Sankeys can't effect it.

In conclusion, this is our last chance for success, and we must achieve it. There must be no nonsense, no squeamishness, no thyn skinnedness, no nuthin but a straight swaller of watever dose the convenshun mixes for us. Ef it is "Tilden and hard money," all right, and ef it is "Allen and soft money," just ez right. Uv course "Reform and purity" will be chucked into the platform, and that is enuff uv a rallyin cry to yoonite us all.

Democrats uv the Yoonited States, we cry to you from Kentucky ez one cryin in the wilderness, don't be pertickeler. Come up squarely to the requirements of the situation, and take yoor groool like men. "Anything to beat the Republikins!" is our cry, and we want yoo to ekko it. We kin win ef we will, and we must.

PETROLEUM V. NASHY.
Wich wants to be P. M.

A young and beautiful widow was about to marry a rich old widower. Her friends wished to know what she wanted to marry him for. She replied, "For pure love. I love the ground"—meaning the estate probably—"on which he walks."

Cookery was Her Forte.

Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Judge Pitman is one of the Directors of the Blanktown public schools. Last spring, the Board advertised for a new female teacher, with instructions for applicants to call upon the Judge. A day or two afterward, Mrs. Pitman advertised for a cook, and, on that afternoon, an Irish girl called at the house to obtain the place. The Judge was at the porch at the time, and when she entered, he mistook her for a school-mistress, and said to her:

"Did you come to see about that place?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Oh, very well, then; take a seat and I'll run over a few things in order to ascertain what your qualifications are. Bound Africa."

"If you please sir, I don't know what you mean."

"I say bound Africa."

"Bou—hou—begorra I don't know what you are referin to."

"Very strange," said the Judge.

"Can you tell me if 'amphibious' is an adverb or a preposition? What is an adverb?"

"Heed, you bother me entirely. I never had anything to do with such things at my last place."

"Then it must have been a curious sort of an institution," said the Judge.

"Probably you can tell me how to conjugate the verb 'to be,' and just mention, also, what you know about Herodotus."

"Ah, your honor is jokin wid me. Be done wid your fun, now."

"Did you ever hear of Herodotus?"

"Never once, in the whole course of my life. Do you make it with eggs?"

"This is the most extraordinary woman I ever encountered," murmured the Judge.

"How she ever associated Herodotus with the idea of eggs is simply incomprehensible. Well, can you name the hemisphere in which China and Japan are situated?"

"Don't bother me with your fun now. I can wash the china and the pans as well as anybody, and that's enough, now isn't it?"

"Dumb! awful dumb! Don't know the country from 'er crockery. I'll try her once more. Name the limits of the Tropics of Capricorn, and tell me where Asia Minor is located."

"I have a brother that is one, sir; that's all I know about it."

"One? One what?"

"Didn't you ask me afther the miners, sir. My brother Teddy works wid 'em."

"And this is the kind of person to whom we are asked to intrust the education of youth." What kind of a school have you been teaching?"

"None sir; what should I teach school for?"

"Totally without experience, as I supposed," said the judge.

"Mr. Ferguson had a governess teach the children when I was cookin' for her."

"Cooking! Ain't you a school-teacher? What do you mean by proposing to stop cooking in order to teach school? Why, it is preposterous."

"Begorra I came here to get the cook's place, sir, and that's all of it."

"Oh, by George! I see now. You ain't a candidate for the grammar school after all. You want to see Mrs. Pitman, Maria, Come down here a minute. There's a thick-headed immigrant here wants to be cook for you."

And the judge picked up his paper and resumed the editorial on "The Impending Crisis."

A NAUGHTY FEATURE OF THE CENTENNIAL.

Philadelphia correspondence of the Francisco Chronicle.

In the main corridor of the Memorial Buildings annex, where the most casual visitors are not likely to miss it, a wax figure of Cleopatra is displayed. She reclines upon a sort of throne, and is almost naked. The workman ship is of the best and the effect startling. The flesh tint is natural

the hair life-like, and every detail carefully done. Interior clock-work heaves her bare bosom, moves her arms at intervals, stirs her legs, turns her head languidly from side to side, and rolls her eyes. Her face and form are beautiful, and the accessories are in artistic harmony with a conception of the Egyptian Queen; yet her features are not Egyptian, being rather those of a beautiful French woman. An Ethiopian slave, equally nude, stands at her side and fans her. At her feet lies a naked little boy. A bird flutters on the arm of her seat. A golden canopy hangs above the group, all being enclosed in a glass case. The whole is surprisingly natural, so much so that it has a natural effect upon the spectators. Young girls come suddenly upon it and draw back appalled. They have nerved themselves to look at the statuary and pictures, but this sight is too unexpected and realistic to be borne with steadiness. They escape without delay. Women inspect the group shyly. Men are not to be beaten away by any feeling of modesty, and unless escorting sisters or sweethearts, stay on the spot in numbers sufficient to constantly crowd that part of the corridor. I am aware that such wax-works, and worse are common in European museums; that, artistically, they are to be commended as triumphs of skill, being totally unlike the effigies usually shown in this country; but I don't think they ought to be thrust unwarningly upon the sight of mixed congregations. Some of the Commissioners are of my way of thinking, and Cleopatra's stay on the grounds may be of short duration. President Hawley is from Connecticut, and is Puritanical. He stops in front of Cleopatra while I stand there.

"What do you think of her?" I ask.

"A thing of beauty," he answers, "but not a joy forever. I guess we will have to get her out of sight. I must talk with Sartain about her."

THE INDIAN WAR.

Gen. Custer and Many Officers and Men Killed.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Gen. Hancock arrived this morning, it is supposed for consultation over the terrible situation of affairs in the Indian country. There has been no official account of the following disaster, which seems well confirmed:

Gen. Custer found the Indian camp of twenty-lodged on Little Horn, and immediately attacked with five companies, charging into the thickest of the camp. Nothing is known of the operation of the detachment after the charge, as they were only traced by their dead. Major Reno attacked the lower part of the camp with seven remaining companies. Gen. Custer, his two brothers, nephew and brother-in-law, with about three hundred others were killed; only thirty-one being wounded. Two hundred and seven men were buried in one place. The Indians surrounded Reno's seven companies and held them in the hills one day away from water. Gen. Gibbons' command then came in sight and the Indians broke camp and left in the night.

The remnant of the seventh cavalry and Gibbons' command are returning to the mouth of Little Horn, where there is a steamboat. The Indians got the arms of the killed soldiers. Seventeen commissioned officers were killed. The whole Custer family died at the head of the columns.

Another account says: The battle was fought on the 25th, thirty or forty miles below Little Horn. Custer attacked a village of 2500 to 4000 warriors on one side, Col. Reno on the other. Gen. Custer, fifteen officers and every man of five companies were killed. Reno retreated under protection of the reserves. The whole number killed was 315. Gen. Gibbons joined Reno. The dead were much mutilated. Lieutenant Crittenden, son of Gen. Crittenden, was killed.

How the soldiers will hoop'em up for the gallant man who sent this reply to an invitation to leave the army to run for Congress:

IN CAMP, October 2.

"Yours of the 20th ult. is received. Thanks. I have other business now. Any man who would leave the army at this time to electioneer for Congress ought to be scalped. Truly yours,

R. B. HAYES."

How he Screwed Him up.

From the Jackson (Miss.) Pilot.

Jim has been woking in the country, and on coming to town, was regaling his friends with his experience on the corner.

"You knowde man what I went to work wid? Well, you see he told me he would do better by me den any of his neighbors was doin' by der hans; he would give de third of de crap, and I fine myself. Well, you see, I went to church and gets' quainted wid de neighbor' hans. Dar's Mr. Washington, he is workin' on young Billy Smith's place, and he's gettin' de fourth, and find hisself; and dars Mr. Linkum, he's workin' on old man Jones place, and is gettin' de fifth, and is found bersides. Well, yer see when I gits home, and was aworkin' in de crap, I got to study, and de more I studied de more I come to de conclusion dat de third wasn't gwine to do me. So I goes to de boss and says I—I says, 'you told me you was gwine to do better by me than any de neighbors was by dere hans.' He says 'he's been talkin' to 'em, and dat he has, and I says dat I've been havin' constination with the neighbor's hans myself. Dat Smith's hans was gittin' de fourth and Jones' hans was gittin' de fifth and found, and I wasn't going to stand no third. So he says he would resinge de ole one and make a new contract and we bof come to town 'fore Squire Robinson and made it; here's de paper now, and dat's de way I screwed him up for the fourth. I tell you what's de fact, boys; you can't trust one of dem white folks." And Jim mounted his mule and rode off.

HOW IT STRIKES THE JAPANESE.

Among the recent passengers from San Francisco for Japan were

Mr. Fukui, Japanese Commissioner to the Centennial; Mr. Toda, a student who has been mastering the science of mining engineering in this country for the past five years, and seven artisans who were employed in the Japanese Department of the Exposition. Being inquisitive to hear what they thought of the Exhibition, the Call inquired of them their impressions. Referring to the number of visitors, Mr. Fukui said: "The first day crowds came like sheep; run here, run there, run everywhere. One man start, one thousand follow. Nobody can do anything. All rush, push, tear, shout, make plenty noise, say damn great many times, get very tired, and go home. That day and every day police no good; plenty policemen in corners, doors, halls; plenty outside buildings, plenty inside; all have hands in pockets; not one know anything; no watter what you ask, he say 'Don't know,' and that true, he don't know, not try to know. Have sign everywhere, 'Don't handle anything!' all the same, everybody handle everything. We lose a great many curios.—small bronzes, ivory carvings, lacquer boxes, fine porcelain and little pictures; tell police, put their hands little deeper in pocket and say 'Don't know.' We must take those things back, but have not got them. Ah!" And the poor man sighed as though harkari were in store for him. On being asked what particular object pleased them best in this country, both gentlemen giggled consciously, looked at each other, and replied in one voice, "American women very nice."

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